

A

P O E M

TO THE

M E M O R Y

Of the Incomparable

Mr. P H I L I P S,

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

Henry St. John Esq;

*Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget, cui pudor & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas
Quando ullum invenient Parem?*

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 24.

*Aggredere O magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores;
Aspice venturo letantur ut omnia seculo!*

Virg. Ecc. 4.

 L O N D O N,

Printed for Daniel Browne at the Black Swan
Without Temple-bar, and Sold by A. Baldwin
at the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-lane, 1710.

A

P O E M

TO THE

M E M O R Y

Of the late

Mr. P. H. H. H.

Humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable

Henry St. John

Esq. Quinlan perpetuus

Esq. et pudor & fustis

Esq. et pudor & fustis

Esq. et pudor & fustis

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O N D O M

Printed for Daniel Browne at the Black Swan
Without Temple-Bar, and sold by M. B. B.
at the Oxford-Street in London.

TO THE

Right Honourable

HENRY St. JOHN Esq;

SIR,

IT is a very Pleasant Consideration to take a view of the Circumstances of us humble Inscribers: We are obliged to praise the Patron we make choice of, and at the same time to tell him we neither do nor intend it: We must at once actually flatter and solemnly disclaim the Imputation; ingenuously acknowledge the meanness of the Present we make, and yet formally hope, it will be no longer such, when supported by the Authority of so great a Man; humbly conceiving, that if he will please to betray his Judgment in favour to us, the World must needs do the same in complaisance to him, and that to give encouragement to bad Writing is the very pink of Courtesie and Well-doing.

Such, Sir, are the comical Inconsistencies with which even the politer Dedications are fill'd; not one in Ten, I dare affirm, but is adorn'd with some or other of the like Flourishes and oratorical Conceits, which indeed may not be amiss, if the propriety of Time and Person be rightly observed: But other is my Province, and other must be my endeavors, who am to address my self to a Gentleman of equal Merit and Modesty; to one that knows as well how to laugh at ill performances as to value good ones, and for a dull Panegyrick might probably reward me with a Satyr.

Flattery is to Virtue, what Paint is to Beauty; and even just Encomiums are little better than Works of Supererrogation; unnecessary at all times and acceptable
at

DEDICATION.

at none; for in this the Modest and the Proud agree, that they Express an equal aversion to their own Portraits; nor the one nor the other will thank you for a Picture of himself.

Hence it is, Sir, that I'm persuaded you'll think your self obliged to me for passing over those due Praises which you alone had rather not bear, and mentioning no other Virtue but your unwillingness to have any mention'd at all. Yet if you please to give your self the trouble of reading the following Poem through, I doubt I shan't be able to confine my self within this compass, but must of necessity take in some other good qualities which will be eminently conspicuous on that occasion; I mean, Sir, Your Patience, Long-suffering, and Forbearance.

There are many who will be at the Pains of Writing such Pieces, as they would not think it worth their while to read; and some few who will spend more time in reading dull things than would be required of 'em to write witty ones: You perhaps, Sir, are in a fair way to be of the latter sort.

But not to detain Your Honour any longer, I submit these Lines to whatever Treatment You shall think fit to give 'em; yet hope for some Indulgence for the Subject's sake; if not on my own, yet on Mr. Philips's Account; no Composition could ever yet Plead a more specious Title, and on that only, Sir, you very well know the Credit of many Authors is Founded: In a word, from Your Mouth it is I shall expect my Sanction or Condemnation; as what you disapprove is likely to meet with little esteem from others, so what You Praise stands next in Honour to what you write. I am with the most profound Respect,

S I R,

Your Most Obedient and Devoted

Humble Servant

Leonard Welsted.

A P O E M

To the Memory of the Incomparable

Mr. P H I L I P S.

Forgive my Crime, forgive it, gentle Shade;
 If by the Fondness of my Grief betrayed,
 I make that Grief unelegantly known,
 In sounds, that are but Ecchoes to thy own.
 How can I write? could *Israel's* Captive Band
 Sing Songs of *Sion* in a Foreign Land?
 Or do the Birds in bleak *December* play
 Their vernal Musick and their Notes of *May*?
 On my cold Brow a rising damp appears,
 And all my Rhetoric is in my Tears;
 What witty Sorrow is, I never knew,
 And Grief, that's eloquent, is seldom true.

If *Strephon*, from the Shades you could transmit
 One pregnant Beam of your enlivening Wit;
 That might raise all my Powers, inform the whole,
 And with harmonious Vigour tune my Soul:

B

Then

Then like young Prophets with new Visions blest,
 Like Lovers of their Bridal Charms possest,
 With pleasing Raptures I might fill my Breath,
 And give ev'n Beauty to the Face of Death;
 Nor need for want of Poesie or Sense
 Those idle Fictions, and that dull pretence
 Of *weeping Nymphs* and *melancholy Floods*,
 Of *pensive Shepherds* and more *pensive Woods*,
 To make my Verse emphatically low,
 And furbish up a Threadbare Tale of Woe.

But since that Hope is vain, and human Art
 Can act no other than a human Part;
 Accept this Mute but unaffected Tear;
 The speechless Mourner truly speaks his Care;
 And if Words here and there confus'd are found;
 (For Grief sometimes will vent it self in sound,)
 Attribute them to no poetic Strain,
 Nor the kind Dictates of a happy Vein;
 They're but the Signs of Sorrow in Excess,
 The Sallies of a dumb but wild Distress;
 The fruitless Efforts of distracted Care,
 Of Grief and Passion blended with Despair.

O're thy dear Reliques how could I complain,
 And in soft Murmures rigid fate arraign?
 Oh I could languish, till I were become
 A breathless Shape, a Statue to thy Tomb.

Yet

Yet lest my Silence should be thought pretence,
 And or misconstrued want of Zeal or Sense;
 Lest I should seem (when *Piso* does command,
Piso at once my Patron and my Friend;)
 More cold to Virtue than averse to Rhime,
 And my Excuse itself be made my Crime;
 I'll give thee what my Sorrows will admit,
 What may evince my Love tho' not my Wit;
 And sing thy Virtues in a lowly Strain,
 Tho' every Virtue makes me weep again.

Each all my Tears and all my Art demands;
 But Modesty the first and fairest stands;
 She strove with Virgin blushes to conceal
 The Charms her Sister Graces did reveal;
 She strove with conscious Shame to veil their Light,
 But made 'em shine more eminently bright:
 So when some Shade would drive the Light away,
 And intercept the gladsome Beams of Day;
 Taught by the Sun to shine, that painted Cloud
 Contributes to the Lustre it would shrowd.

All Power of Numbers in thy Verse did meet,
 Which Learning made correct and Nature sweet;
 Wit mix'd with Spirit through the whole was found,
 And manly Sense supported lofty Sound;
 Judgment combin'd with Fancy grac'd the Song,
 And all was solid, beautiful and strong.

Thy

Thy sweet but nervous Lines were doubly fair,
 Food to the Soul and Musick to the Ear;
 To the strong Features of a lively Face
 You still the last Embellishments did place,
 An easie Sweetness and a flowing Grace.

With Classicks intimate and friendly grown,
 What'ere you writ, or said, was still your own;
 And tho' so fondly *Milton's* Muse you lov'd;
 His Graces were not borrow'd but improv'd;
 Nor didst thou rob great *Maro's* sacred Shrine;
 But by Amendment mad'st his Beauties thine.
 They flourish and confess thy generous Toil,
 Like Plants translated to a richer Soil.
 Thoughts proper, Words expressive and polite,
 A Judgment piercing, an Invention bright
 In thy great Labours all exert their Part,
 And much you owe to Nature, much to Art.

How nobly daring in thy pompous Page
 The German and the Brittish Prince engage?
 With what impetuous Force and Rage divine
 The Gallick and confederate Squadrons joyn?
 To Worlds unborn our Deathless Fame is told,
 And *Blenheim* will be young, when time is old.
 But hear, oh hear, the Mourning Muse relate
 Our once young *Churchill's* and our *Gloster's* Fate.

Less sad is *Philomel's* Nocturnal Tune,
 Less sad the Musick of a dying Swan;
 Involv'd in pleasing Pangs the Reader lyes,
 And languishing on every Accent dyes.
 Each Word revives indulgent *ANNA's* Pain,
 And makes her act the Mother o're again;
 The Mourning Victor drops his laurel Crown,
 Proclaims thy Conquest and forgets his own.

When of big War and Martial Fame you write,
 War seems your Province, Conquest your Delight;
 And when you choose some peaceful rural Theme,
 By Nature fram'd for rural Lays you seem.
 Thy Cyder, thy Immortal Cyder smiles
 With richest Fragrance through these happy Isles;
 Of equal Worth, since so divinely sung,
 To *Maro's* Vintage, and shall last as long,
 Henceforth the Pippin shall the Grape outshine,
 The painted Redstreak Triumph o're the Vine;
 Henceforth this od'rous Liquor shall be made
 The cool Refreshment of each Lover's Shade;
 Give the coy Nymph a free luxurious Air,
 And tempt her to be kind as well as fair;
 In the brisk Gallant's hum'rous Mirth surprise,
 And sparkle in the Maudlin Coquet's Eyes;
 O're jocund Frolick wit it shall preside,
 And raise the Wishes of each longing Bride;

Rouse the blith bucksome Youth to Love's Alarms,
And add fresh Lustre to the Lady's Charms.

Oh that Experience had not taught me this,
And that it were the frantick Poet's Guess!
But much I fear the Shepherds told me true,
Who said, *Maria*, *Strephon* dyed for you;
Cyder improved each Feature in thy Face,
And gave a softer Turn to every Grace;
In thy all-piercing Eyes did Magick prove,
And warm'd his willing Heart to fatal Love.
Ah! gentle *Strephon*, was there on the plain
Such killing Beauty and severe Disdain,
A Nymph with more than Woman's Charms supply'd,
A Nymph, was curs'd with more than Woman's Pride?
If such there was, oh may the shameful blot
Be in Oblivion's gloomy Shades forgot,
Nor her fair Name in envious Annals writ
A Stain to virtuous Love and solid Wit.

To speak thee generous, loyal, just and true,
A Constant Friend and not unfriendly Foe
Were with superfluous Trouble here annex,
And but a Comment on a canvass'd Text.
But that Religion, Piety and Zeal
Should influence thy Life and guide thy Will,
Was wondrous strange! A Bard devout and good!
Why 'tis a Crime unpardonably rude;

To the *BEAU MONDE*, the polish'd World a jest;
 Uncomplaisant and singular at best,
 But monstrous in these lewd unrighteous Times,
 When the vile Muse's prostituted rhimes
 Become subservient to Dishonours Rise,
 Turn Pimps to Lechery and Bawds to Vice;
 When Priests and Poets are at open breach,
 And the Stage censures what the Pulpits teach;
 When Bawdy tickles wanton Woman's Vein,
 And none is witty that is not prophane.
 'Twas wondrous strange in such an Age, that you
 A Wit, a Lover and a Poet too
 Should stand conform'd to strict Religion's Laws,
 And shun the fashionable Sins of those,
 Whose Maxims are to live by Nature's Rule,
 That the poor Parson is the Statesman's Tool;
 That Priesthood then began to flourish most,
 And find encrease, tho' at the People's Cost,
 When subtle Knaves and Politicians found,
 Mankind by Laws restrain'd, by Conscience bound,
 Themselves in more Security might reign,
 And Priests perceiv'd, that *Godliness was gain*.
 Yet ev'n in this degenerate *Æra* cast,
 Thy Muse was modest as thy Manners chaste;
 Whatever, tho' in sportive Mood, she said,
 By Matrons might be spoke, by Virgins read:
 An Emblem of thy self in her we see;
 Wise were thy Pleasures and thy Wisdom free.

Thus

Thus excellent you was-----
 But ah! Such Heaven's mysterious ways we find;
 So Providence disposes human kind;
 The most deserving have the shortest Date,
 And Virtue seems the Mark of envious Fate;
 The Learn'd, the Good, the Witty and the Brave
 Find the cold Comfort of an early Grave:
 BION forsook us early, Sh---ll late,
 And CREECH and OLDHAM are surviv'd by T---te.

Whether *Prometheus* bold Attempt above
 To steal th' authentick real Flames of Jove
 From Fiction wholly or in part began;
 Yet sure there's something in the Soul of Man,
 That bears Resemblance to material Fire;
 The brighter 'tis, the sooner 'twill expire.

Blooming and Young to fall is thy Reward;
 While every *Mævius* of the Age is spar'd
 From stiff CRITERIO to the CITY BARD;
 With numerous *Durseys* I omit to name,
 Lest that might seem some Merit to proclaim,
 Implying Envy still and Envy Fame.

Virtue in all regards is Fortune's Sport;
 Nor are her Days less wearisome than short:
 Each heavier Mortal may his Wealth encrease,
 And sleep out many drowsy Days in Peace;
 With Plenty or with Honours blest may thrive.
 If you had what would keep Content alive;

Thanks

Thanks to your generous Patron good as great,
 Who in despite of all the Storms of Fate,
 Tho' the World frown and swift the Billows throng,
 Shall be the Subject of my Love and Song.
 Whose Bounties like the Nile unwearied flow
 Through the fair Realms where Arts and Learning grow,
 And always come unsought, yet never flow.

Nor let me pass unsung that boasted Name
 Which I and every British Bard should claim
 Sacred to Verse and Heir to endless Fame;
HARCOURT, whose powerful Rhetoric, when of late
 In solemn Judgment *Britain's* Peerage fate,
 Ennobled Learning and Religions Cause,
 And reconcil'd old Truths to modern Laws;
 How Years erase not foul Rebellion's Name,
 That Scripture always was and is the same,
 And loyal just Allegiance Merits praise
 As well in *Anna's* as in *Charles's* Days;
 His every Word than Honey sweeter flow'd;
 His Tongue more charming was than *Hermes's* Rod.
HARCOURT, while I thy Death ignobly mourn,
 Pays the last Office to thy sacred Urn;
 And rearing with Majestick Pomp thy Tomb
 Swells the big Honours of that hallowed Dome,
 Where their dark gloomy Vaults the Muses keep,
 And lov'd by Monarchs near those Monarchs sleep;

D

When

Where Royal Heroes mouldring justly claim
 Those their Associates that preserve their Fame;
 Justly in Death with those one Mansion have,
 Whose Works redeem their Glories from the Grave;
 Where venerable *Chaucer's* antient Head,
 And *SPENCER's* much ador'd Remains are laid;
 Where *Cowley's* precious Stone, and the proud Mold,
 + That glories *Dryden's* mortal Parts to hold,
 Command high Reverence and Devotion just
 To their great Relicks and distinguish'd Dust.

'Tis well a *HARCOURT* in this Age remains,
 And generous Blood adorns a *St. John's* Veins;
 'Tis well our Annals *Trevor* can enroll;
 And that the Patriot lives in *HARLEY's* Soul;
 Else you, illustrious Virtue, might have seen
 What *SHAKESPEAR* saw before and worthy *BEN*.

Under penurious Stars are Poets born,
 Subject to Envy or expos'd to Scorn;
 By Some strange Force and supernatural bent
 Ever betray'd to Poverty and Want;
 To lofty Garrets by degrees they rise,
 And there are truly said to touch the Skies;
 They purchase dear their Idol God Renown,
 And still are complimented and undone.
 Alas! *FAME's* Palace in the Air is built;
 We woe a Mistress but we find a Gilt.

This

This *Cowley* and this *Spencer* felt before,
 And honest *Butler* dyed exceeding poor,
 And when grim Death did tuneful *Dryden* seize,
 He had not what would pay the Sexton's Fees.
 Ev'n he who sung on yellow *Xanthus* Shore
 The *Trojan* Fidler and the *Græcian* Whore,
 Whom seven Cities wrangled for when dead,
 Was a poor Mendicant, that stroll'd for Bread;
 And when kind Allmers had his Wants supply'd,
 Great Jove reward you, Sirs, in Metre cry'd.

Since then much Poverty and little Fame
 Is all the Dowry that a Muse can claim,
 Since that sublime invigorating Heat,
 That makes the Poets Pulse divinely beat,
 At last rewards him but with barren Praise
 Which Envy fullies and which want allays;
 Here weeping o're thy Tomb, in mournful Verse,
 And shedding Roses on thy honour'd Herse,
 I'll take my last farewell and bid adieu
 To the cursed Trade and all the jingling Crew;
 Nay, rather than relapse to write or strain
 A miserable Crambo once again;
 I'll turn Horse Doctor, bear a Scotchman's Pack,
 Be Pettifogger, Conjuror, or Quack,
 Or any thing you can conceive or know,
 All but a Poet, Pedant, or a Beau.

Ye Criticks, that like Locusts vex the Press,
 With little Reason damn and write with less;
 Ye honourable Bards, that sung of old
 The mighty Stories *Greece* or *Athens* told;
 And thou the worthiest of th'inspired Host,
 The Pride of *Isis* and thy *St. John's* Boast,
 Be witness to the sacred Vow I make;
 And when by Verse debauch'd that Vow I break,
 Pure unenlightned Dullness on my Head,
 The Soul and Quintessence of Bl--re shed

Sooner shall Players to Virtue make pretence,
 And Learned Pedants condescend to Sense;
 Sooner shall Country Curates Hebrew speak,
 Physicians' Noddles be o'recharg'd with Greek,
 Attorneys cease to flock in Shoals to Hell,
 And *Maurus* to write ill or *Prior* well.
 Sooner shall Eloquence in **SMALLDRIDGE** fail,
 And humble W--ll--s over *Sprat* prevail;
 Cuckold and Citizen two Senses frame,
 And differing in sound, not mean the same;
 Than I the Purpose of my Soul forget,
 His Lordship's Titles for true Worth admit,
 And be a Begger to be stil'd a Wit.

F I N I S.